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EDITED
BY
MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
AT HOME.

VOLUME 9.

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"MOLLY FEELS LONESOME-LIKE THIS MORNING."

THAT OTHER PARTY.

THE only thing that the Romers had plenty of in this world, was morning-glories. Molly was free to pick as many of these as she pleased; and how she did pick them!

One morning away toward the last of May, she gathered even more of them than usual, and made a lovely wreath and bound it around her long yellow hair, and talked to herself after this fashion: "What if I had been invited, and what if they had made me queen, and what if I had a white dress, and could trim it all up with flowers, and wear a lovely wreath; oh, what if I could!" Alas for Molly Romer! The best dress she had was a blue-and-white calico; and her mother washed for the mothers of half the girls in her class. For these reasons, or some others, Molly was not invited to their May-party. She was never invited to any of their parties; but had to watch all their pleasures from afar.

The little gate clicked in its latch, and a beautifully dressed lady came up the walk, and stood looking for a moment at the pretty picture which Molly made framed in among the morning-glories. In fact, she came while Molly was having that little talk with the flowers, and heard it all. She was Miss Kelsey, from the grand house on the hill. When she had looked at Mollie long enough, she went on to the little house, and planned about the white cambric dresses that she wanted washed.

"I saw Molly among the flowers," she said to Mollie's mother, when the business had been settled.

"Yes," said Mrs. Romer, and she said it with a little sigh. "She has gone out there to comfort herself; she feels lonesome-like this morning; the girls are going to have a kind of May-party in Mr. Stuart's grove back of the house, and have a queen, and all that, and Molly has heard of nothing else for a week, until her head is full of it."

"And isn't Molly invited?" asked Miss Kelsey, thinking of what she had heard among the flowers.

"Oh no, ma'am; Molly is never invited to any of their doings; the child hasn't any company, ma'am. I won't let her go among the rough children, and them that she could go with, won't have her because her mother is a washerwoman, I suppose, and so there it is."

"What a shame!" said Miss Kelsey; but she said it to herself. Molly Romer was decidedly a favorite of hers. A sweet-faced, golden-haired, pleasant-voiced child. Why the children shouldn't be glad to have her with them was more than the lady could understand. She went half-way down the walk, then stopped a minute and thought something over, and finally turned and went back to the door.

"Mrs. Romer," she said, "I want you to let Molly come to the hill this afternoon; my little sister Alma is going to have a birthday party, just a small one—cousins from the city; they are to spend the afternoon in our grounds, and have supper under the large elm, and I'm sure Molly would enjoy it."

Mrs. Romer's face grew red with pleasure. But she shook her head while she stammered her thanks.

"It is just as kind of you as can be, and I'll not forget it; but Molly has but the one good dress, a common calico, ma'am, and she tells me none of the girls wear them to their parties, nor hardly to school any more, and Molly is queer about such things, and foolish; I know she will be afraid to come."

Then Miss Kelsey smiled: "Tell Molly, from me," she said, "that my little sister will wear a buff-and-white calico, and she can surely afford to come dressed like her. I have a special reason for wanting her to be there; I hope you will have her come; and as it is a long walk up the hill this warm day, when Rupert goes

to the office, I'll tell him to call and bring her back with him."

Just imagine what the girl among the morning-glories said when she heard of it! She had never been inside the grounds of the grand house on the hill. The Kelseys were a city family, who came out to their country house for the summer, but who drove to the city to church on Sundays, and who went in on the cars every week-day to call, or to shop, or for whatever they wanted; and really knew no more about the people in the little village than though they had never lived there. The house on the hill was the only beautiful place in town; the grounds were laid out elegantly, and there was a fountain with gold-fish swimming around in it, and there were rustic chairs and sofas, and there were moss-covered stumps, out of which lovely vines were climbing. Oh, it was a place of beauty! and the school-children often told each other how splendid it would be to walk around those grounds; but a crabbed hired man took care of them always until the family came, and afterwards too, for that matter.

What a May-party it was! Five cousins come to spend the day with nine-year-old Alma, and romp in the grounds! Five cousins dressed in calico! at least, that was what happy Molly, in her blue-and-white one, called it. She did not know it was French percale, and cost forty-five cents a yard, while hers was nine cents. I hope she would not have cared if she had; but I don't know; little girls of eight are sometimes very silly.

Don't you think the cousins chose a queen and crowned her with the most exquisite moss roses from the green-house!—though they never thought about having one until Alma's grown-up sister put it into their heads. And whom do you think they chose? Who but Molly herself, in her blue-and-white calico! They literally covered her with flowers and vines, so that her dress did not show at all; and then they declared that she was "perfectly lovely!" The table was set under the great elm, and there were cakes, and creams, and ices, and fruits, of which Molly had never heard before, but she thought them lovely. After supper they were to take a ride in the handsome carriage, and as they trooped gaily out to take their seats, and all stood back for their queen to be seated first, and the horses tossed their heads, and their gold-mounted harness glittered in the sunlight, who should come walking by but the girls of the other May-party!

In their astonishment they stood perfectly still for a moment, and stared.

"The idea!" said Julia Burr at last, as they walked on. "Did you ever hear the like in all your life!"

"What?"

"Why, Nellie Adams! haven't you got eyes? That was Molly Romer all rigged out like a queen!"

DECORATION DAY.

BY A. W. A.

TWINE for our soldiers 'neath the green sod's cover
Garlands of beauty, flowers freshly blooming;
Heed they no more the noise of cannon booming,—
Their fight is over.

Scatter bright blossoms where their dust is sleeping;
Sing to their mem'ry music sweet and tender;
Thanks of a nation gratefully we render
While we stand weeping.

Tenderly strew o'er each unmindful sleeper,
Nature's sweet treasures for the best and bravest;
God of the nations, who the vict'ry gavest,
Still be our keeper!

BABIES.

ONCE upon a time, on a summer day, there were two sisters and two cousins spending two weeks together at the old farm house. Each lady had her baby. It was just after dinner, when the four ladies talked together. "I wish we could all go!" Mrs. Berkley said; "we never get a chance to go altogether, anywhere, do we? These little midgets take so much time; but I'll tell you what it is, you three must go, and I will be nurse girl for all the babies."

There was a chorus of objections to this; each lady was sure it was her turn to stay and let the others go, and each told the others that it was just the day to get a good view, and that the gardens would be lovely, and perhaps they would not have another chance, and they were all just as unselfish as they could be.

The door leading into a cool, quiet room that they called the library, was ajar, and a little girl with a book in her hand, sat at the table and heard every word. She didn't feel unselfish a bit. She had a little talk with herself. She told herself that *she* couldn't manage four babies, anyhow; and that the grown-up people had lots of fun together every day; why should they all want to go at once to the gardens? Besides, they were no relation to her, and she had her composition to write, and it must be done this afternoon, and those babies wouldn't go to sleep, not they. Each had had a morning nap and was ready for business. I don't know who managed the other side of the argument, but whoever it was, won the day; for pretty soon the twelve-year-old girl, whose name was Mary, walked into the parlor.

"Mrs. Berkley," she said, with a pleasant smile on her face, "if you will leave the babies with me, I'll take care of them all the afternoon, and you can go together to the gardens."

Then of course they said she was a nice girl, and they were much obliged, and four babies would be too many for any mortal child to look after, and Mary hoped that they would get it all settled without her, for she wanted to write that composition. But her own mother came in and helped along by saying that she would keep an eye out that every thing went right, and that Mary always got along with children.

Then they said to each other, what a nice, obliging child she was, and the end of it was, they all went off in the carriage in high glee.

Then those four babies had their opportunity! dear me, how they acted! mischief? You can't think of any thing in a baby's line of work that one or the other of them did not try to do. The faint hope that Mary had of coaxing them to sleep soon vanished, when she saw how wide awake they were, and she just gave herself up to business. But behold, as the day grew later, the four babies, established now on the wide, white bed, each with a pillow to play 'peep,' began, one after another, to yawn, and watchful, wise Mary began presently to sing the lowest, sweetest, cooing song, patting now one, now another, letting them sit up straight or tumble back on their pillows as they pleased, and smiling and nodding and even playing 'peep,' in a sort of sleepy, hum-drum way, all the time keeping on with her singing until first Baby Chess, and then Baby Bess closed their blue and brown eyes; and Baby Philip, not to be left to entertain Baby Kate all alone, laid his head on the pillow beside Baby Chess, and then Baby Kate turned her back on them all; and really, in less

time than it takes to tell it, they were every one asleep.

Then did Mary slip softly to the library for pencil and paper, and, sitting down beside them, wrote her composition — an excellent one; a story about those four babies. Two of them she made ministers, and two of them she made grand ladies who rode in their carriages.

Last Sabbath Mary went to church; and what do you think? Baby Chess was the preacher! And Baby Philip sat in the pulpit with him, and read the hymns and pronounced the benediction!

Baby Kate sat in the pew and did not turn her back on either of them, but thought that Philip was the nicest, for he was her husband! Baby Bess was not there, but she wrote a lovely letter from her home in California, and sent a five-hundred-dollar wedding present to Baby Kate. And they two are grand ladies, both of them, because they are good, and sweet, and earnest.

"It all began," said Mary, smiling, as they sat in the library and talked it over, "it all began that afternoon



THEY WERE EVERY ONE ASLEEP.

that I took care of the four babies, and wrote the story of their lives.

"Then," said grandma Berkley, "it is a beautiful outgrowth of a sweet, unselfish action."

But I don't think it was such a very wonderful thing to take care of four sweet babies, do you?

Only think of those two with their heads on one pillow, preaching sermons, and pronouncing benedictions!

Yet I can tell you something queerer than that. The white-haired old minister whom you heard preach last Sabbath, once spent all one summer Sabbath day rolling over and over and over on the carpet, on the grass, on the bed, and saying "Da! da!" and he threw his shoes in the washbowl, and his hat out of the window, and tried to swallow a gold pin, and broke his bottle, and broke the fourth commandment all day long!

AMY ROBB.

BY C. M. L.

CHAPTER I. — THE POOR THIEF.

NOT far from your neighborhood lived two little girls.

Their true names are a secret. If any one should tell, their mothers would feel badly enough. I must not tell, but I will call one Anne Steele, and the other Amy Robb. They were just the same age and they looked very much alike. They lived on the same street and went to

the same Sunday-school and studied the same lesson.

But people said there was a great difference between them, because Anne Steele was very poor and Amy Robb was just as very rich.

Now Anne was so poor that sometimes she had not clothes enough to keep from shivering with the cold. Then she was often very hungry and there was not a loaf of bread in her home, and no one cared enough for her to bring her any thing to eat. So she sometimes had to go hungry to bed and cry herself to sleep.

But one day when she was out on the street and was crying with pain for something to eat, she looked into a bakery and saw piles of good things. She saw no one about, so she just slipped in and out again, as spry as a cat, bringing a roll with her; and, oh, how good it was! The next day she did the same thing. But at last the baker caught her, and the policeman was called. Anne was dragged off and locked in prison, and she was brought out to be tried; and the judge commanded the officer to put her in the workhouse as a thief.

I don't remember how long she had to stay among the wicked women and girls who were shut up there, and hear them tell filthy stories, and swear and call her a young thief. But I remember that her name appeared in one of the great daily papers one morning. And that morning Amy Robb's father read the paper at the breakfast table; and he came to the place where it said "Crimes"; and he read name after name. A little girl was sent to the workhouse for stealing some bread. Her name is Anne Steele.

"Anne Steele!" exclaimed Amy. Why, she was in our Sunday-school. I thought she was nice, though she was so poor and her dress was so shabby. Now she's nothing but a good-for-nothing thief! Well, I'd do any thing but go and steal. Good enough for her!"

But it so happened I was there that morning taking breakfast; indeed, I was several days with the Robbs.

Now I observed when Mr. Robb laid the daily down and began to eat he said nothing about Anne, but his face wore a troubled look, and I thought there were tears in Amy's mother's eyes. And I wondered whether they were feeling so sorry for Anne for being sent to prison among wicked women and girls, or whether they feared lest their Amy might some day commit some crime and be put in prison too.

However, I noticed that though Amy's parents were very young, yet they looked quite old; especially her mother seemed so changed from the sweet, beautiful mother I had seen when Amy was only a year old. Her rosy cheeks were pale and sunken; her eyes were very sad, and there were gray hairs scattered about her head. And she didn't seem so cheerful as she once was; and I greatly wondered what had come over her. For her home was very rich and beautiful, and her husband was an excellent man and seemed to think so much of her, and speak so tenderly to her always, and he seldom came from the city without bringing her something.

So I wondered all the more how she could appear so gloomy among so many pleasant things.

But in a little while I found out what was the matter.

"What was it?"

"A thief!"

"No!"

"Yes; there was a thief in the house."

There was one in our tent down by the sea in Asbury Park, one dark night. Mamma woke up and there stood a man, right close by the bed, bending over as if he was going to give her some chloroform, or reach under papa's pillow where his watch and portemonnaie were.

But mamma sat up in bed quicker than you could think, and screamed louder than — than — than, well, it woke us up, I tell you! And I screamed too, just as hard as I could, because mamma kept screaming and

shouting, "There's a thief! He's under the bed! Get your revolver!" But the thief went out the tent door like a flash, and we never got any trace of him.

Papa went down to the police the next morning and told them all about it. But my! they were so busy wearing their blue clothes and walking about the streets, that they hadn't any time to help papa find the thief or papa's nice new pants he carried off.

It was a great scare, indeed. Mamma said she'd not sleep in that tent again. And we didn't. Uncle Ross and auntie Bell came over and we told them all about it, and mamma was so excited! But papa laughed just as hard as he could as he pointed to the two holes in the knees of his pants; for he had on his old pair, and they were pretty old, but it was all he had left. Mamma was so scared —

"Wasn't you, too?"

"Indeed I was. But we packed up and went over to uncle Ross' house, and the thief didn't come back any more. And we all got over it in a little while, and now mamma laughs about it like the rest of us. I cannot see why one should be so sad because a thief just comes into a house once and skips out like a scared mouse."

"But what if he does not go, but keeps hanging around somewhere in the house day and night, up-stairs and down, coming right into your bedroom, often into the dining-room and taking bread and cake from the table?"

"Ugh!"

"Yes. That is all so."

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Hear? Why I've seen it."

"When?"

"When I was visiting at Mr. Robb's."

"What, Amy's father's? Did you see a thief there in the dining-room while you were eating at the table in the daytime and the others were there too?"

"Well, I did. The thief came and sat by my side."

"Did you see him?"

"Of course I did."

"Why didn't you catch him?"

"You mean, why didn't Mr. Robb catch him, for he'd been there before."

"Yes; why didn't he?"

"I think he tried again and again, but, somehow, whenever he would leap at the thief, he'd vanish away and sometimes they would all spring upon him together —"

"Amy, too?"

"I think so, a little, though almost always she somehow would not take hold and help with the rest."

"One day when they had almost got him fast, it needed just one more to do a little something, just bring a rope or string or something, or shut the outside door, but for some reason she didn't take hold and help in the nick of time — I was doing all I could, too, that time; but the thief threw one this way and another that, and got away."

"Why didn't Mr. Robb get a big, strong policeman to come and keep watch till he caught him sure?"

"Well, I guess they kept expecting to catch him themselves, for somehow they didn't want any one to know about it. They never spoke of it much before me, even after that dreadful encountre we had with him one day."

"And did they never catch him?"

"They hadn't while I was there, though they keep on trying for him, one way then another, yet I hear he still comes and carries off valuable things every day."

"Did he steal much when you were there?"

"About five thousand dollars' worth."

"Oh dear! what was it?"

"Go to bed now, I will tell you to-morrow eve."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)